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VOL. 1. NO. 21.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

HENRY BONSALL,
CONVEYANCER,
No. 416 Walnut-street,
PHILADELPHIA.

VANITY FAIR.

The interest of FRANK J. THOMPSON in this paper ceases from this date.

All persons having claims against him, as publisher of VANITY FAIR, will please present them for settlement at the office, 113 Nassau-street, to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Apr. 23d. Publisher for the Proprietors.

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and thus remove all disease from the system.

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The knowledge of the simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
No. 16 BOYLSTON STREET.

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DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column

BRITISH STATESMAN OF THE PERIOD.

EARL GREY *(is supposed to be speaking of the universal Yankee Nation.)*—They are perfectly helpless and powerless, *and the whole power, both legislative and executive, has fallen exclusively into the hands of those men who do not scruple to flatter the lowest passions of the mob.*" [Hear, hear.]—Extract from Speech in the British House of Lords.

GEOLOGICAL CATECHISM FOR BAR-KEEPERS.

Q. What is the first requisite for opening a good bar?

A. Plenty of Rocks.

Q. What formation should a bar-keeper first arrive at?

A. He should be Up to Trap.

Q. What stone would you use, in making a cold punch?

A. Lime.

Q. What do you understand by an Alluvial, or water Deposit?

A. First-Water Diamonds, are the best deposit I know of.

Q. What is the best stone for bottles?

A. Quartz.

Q. What stone would you use for credit customers?

A. Slate.

Q. What stone is most found in pugilistic pot houses?

A. Spar.

Q. Of what geological stratum should dark brandy be?

A. The Old Red.

Q. Is there such a thing as a harmless Tight?

A. Yes; a Stalac-tite.

Q. What stone should every bar-keeper have full knowledge of, before he can make mixed drinks?

A. Horn-blend(e).

Valuable on account of Association.

Why did not the Baltimore Convention nominate the Hon. Howell Cobb for the Presidency? It would have sounded so natural, eh, Cobb and Everett?

A Play on Words.

English Fair Play.

THE TRUE AND ONLY INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TRANSMITTED, BY THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE, TO VANITY FAIR.

The conflicting accounts with regard to the anticipated visit to our shores of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, have made us anxious to obtain the most reliable information. We have done so. Through the kindness of Mr. Wise (*not* of Virginia) we went up at midnight, in a small balloon, to a position about half-way between this country and England, taking with us the American terminus of the new transatlantic telegraph. By a preconcerted arrangement, (made through a distinguished sporting gentleman of New-York) we there met Mr. Erwood, the racket-champion of Great-Britain, the most confidential friend of H. R. H., the Prince, in a similar balloon, and with the English end of the magnetic line in his hand. In accordance with the lucid directions given us by Sir C. W. Field, we then established the connection, and after celebrating the event over copious American champagne, washed down by genuine British cognac, we hung the cable securely up there, and descended to our office, where the battery was fixed. (The corresponding battery on the European side, we may add, was stationed in the office of "Bell's Life," where the Prince was incog., instructing Mr. Dowling to decide the fight in favor of Sayers, at all hazards.) In exactly twenty-three minutes, eleven seconds, and thirty-one sixtieths of a second, the communication began, as follows:—errors excepted:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will sail upon the 31st of May in tour ships-of-war for your shores; His Royal Highness will distribute himself impartially among these magnificent vessels, so that you need not look for him in any particular one more than another. He will proceed over that fluid portion of Great Britain commonly known as the Atlantic Ocean, toward his Canada and Nova Scotia farms, where he wishes to inspect the potato-crop, and buy a pair of ponies for his little brothers. Here he expects to be received by Judge Haliburton, accompanied by the Hon. Samuel Slick, who will present him with the freedom of speech, in a neat pumpkin pie illuminated with New-England rum.

"After this imposing ceremony, he will proceed in state to visit the lions of the country; from the lions he will descend to the inferior animals, such as apes, donkeys, &c. At this stage of his progress, he will expect to meet the Committee of Invitation from New York, headed by Alderman Boodle, bearing a free pass upon the Live Oak passenger railways, elegantly bound in the form of a gridiron. He will accept it in a neat speech, in which he will eagerly seize the occasion to pay himself and his nation their richly (un)merited tribute of praise, for all the high qualities—such as modesty, philanthrophy, scorn of oppression, fair play, &c.—which have (n)ever distinguished them. His R. H. after this oratorical triumph, will retire, amid enthusiastic shouts of "Fair Play and Old England for ever!" "Long may she wave!" "Very like a whale!" etc., especially prepared for the occasion.

"The Prince will then disguise himself as a very ordinary man, and quite young at that, and go to bed in so commonplace a manner that the most acute observer, seeing him at that moment, would never detect his royal Prerogative to be anything beyond the claim of human nature. . . ." Here the connection was interrupted by a large bald-headed Eagle alighting upon the wires at their junction midway between the two countries, and giving vent to an enormous scream, which (as we have since heard) vibrated over the cable to the office wherein the Prince and his suite were gathered, and exploded there with such violence as to seriously incommode His Royal Highness, and cause the British Referee, in a moment of unspeakable anguish, to decide the Fight in favor of John C. Heenan, Esquire. If the connection be ever re-established (which we doubt) our readers shall have the remainder of the Prince's Itinerary.

Important to Greeley.

We take this advertisement from the *Herald* of Tuesday, under the head of "PERSONAL."

JOHN BROWN WILL MEET HIS BROTHER WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, EIGHTH Avenue and Fifty-second street.

Highland Flings.

Bennett on Pryor.

HERE AND THERE.

ANNIVERSARY time being popularly supposed to be a sort of holiday season, my cousin Neddy, a promising old man of fourteen, took that occasion to go to the circus. This he was enabled to accomplish through my intervention, as I happened to be acquainted with a gentleman who dusts the boxes and attends to the gas-lights, and through him secured the favor of the door-keeper, from which excellent person I procured a ticket for my esteemed relative. The performance it seems, was Bluebeard, and as Master Neddy the next morning condescended, uninvited, to favor me with a sketch of the entertainment, I think it better to let you have his account in preference to my own, the more particularly as I have not seen the drama in question.

Well, commenced Ned, after the fat old fellow in the orchestra had done playing (Ned I regret to say is profane to a degree, or he would not have dared to allude in such light terms to the portly and estimable Cook) after he'd done playing up went the curtain. Then there was a fellow in blue—he wasn't Bluebeard, you know, but another fellow—and he was singing under a window, and then a woman came out of the window, and down the ladder. She was ever so long getting down the ladder, though. You should see the way that me and Bob go up and down the ladders at Ottignon's. And she sang all the while she was coming down. Me and Bob can't sing on the ladders a bit. It is as much as we can do to skip three rungs at a time. Well, then the fellow in blue said he loved her ever so much, and she said she loved him that big (pantomime of Edward here with arm) but that her father had promised her to a great big Turk—that's Bluebeard you know—and then her father came out and gave her an up and down scolding and dragged her away. And then a procession came on of men and women in turbans, and they had crooked swords, and some were on horseback, and they sang there. Could you sing on horseback? I couldn't. Then on came Bluebeard on an elephant A regular smasher he was, I tell you. Why Bluebeard had to get a ladder to come down off his back. Bluebeard was the fellow come to fetch the woman you know, and he had a great long beard as blue as anything. He had a turban, and was covered all over with jewels twice as big and handsome as mother's diamonds, and he wore them all down his legs. Mother don't wear her diamonds on her legs, does she? I thought not. Well, he told the young woman that he was come for her, and she kind o' didn't like it, but 'twas no use, and so off she went with him to his mysterious castle. The castle was a bully place, I tell you. There was a blue chamber in it which was always locked up, and nobody was allowed to go into it, and Bluebeard had cut off the heads of I don't know how many wives because they had looked into it, and he had a servant called Huckaback, or some such name, who was always in a fright about Canoll—that's Bluebeard you know—and he wants to tell the young woman all about the Blue room only he's afraid. Then Canoll comes in and says to his wife that he's going out for a ride, and gives her the keys of the house, only he tells her not to go into the Blue room. Then when he's gone she feels kind o' lonesome and goes to look at all the rooms with the housemaid until she comes to the Blue room, and then she thinks she won't go in, and then she thinks she will, and at last she does, and the door flies open, and there's a skeleton and flames, and she faints, and sings a song. Then Canoll comes in and asks for the keys, and she gives them, and he discovers by the blue key that she's been at the room, and he gives her rats, and draws his sword to kill her, but then gives her an hour to live, and her sister looks out of the window and sees people coming like winking. Just at the moment that Canoll is going to cut off his wife's head, the people attack the castle, and save the young woman, and Bluebeard is killed, and that's all. And then there's lots of riding and gymnastics afterwards, and don't the Hanlons do the trapeze bully? Me and Bob are going to do that at the gymnasium next week.

Then having helped himself to a cigar from my, case, Neddy sauntered off to give an account of his theatrical experiences to some one else.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is opposed to the reception of the Japanese at Washington. He stigmatizes it as "an expensive humbug," He won't see it at any price. Great commercial advantages, a fertile alliance, a stimulus to our shipping interests, are as nothing to the noble Cox, when compared with the money that will go to the hotel keepers and tradespeople of Washington. The virtuous Cox groans over the possible hundred thousand dollars or so that will be expended in securing to this country mercantile privileges for which other countries have sighed in vain. "How much better would it be," doubtless thinks the economical Cox, "if all this money were spent here—amongst us. How much more sensible to give one Cox, from Ohio, a ten or twelve thousand of it. Cox is a white man. Cox is a democrat. Cox has relatives to support. Cox is an honor to his country and an ornament to the House. Cox is a full-blooded American, and yet he lives to see his native coin prodigally expended on a set of rice-eating, petticoated foreigners! If such things are allowed to go on, the Union will be in danger." Such I am convinced are Cox's sentiments. In fact I am Cox sure of it.

Yellow Jack will be allowed to have any number of Balls this summer. The sepoys of Staten Island may leave their muskets hanging on the wall. We are to have no Quarantine. No iron scow, no burning of bedding, no physicians' certificates, no siege of hospitals, no Seventh Regiment, no nothing. But instead we shall have pestilential vessels poisoning our city. Ill ventilated neighborhoods decimated by the enemy; and consternation, flight from the city, and consequent paralysation of business. If some step is not taken to protect us from this scourge we will have a tale to tell as pathetic as the story of LeFevre.

Signed,

ENGLAND'S SERENADE TO JAPAN.

AIR—*Gentle Zitella.*

Gentle Japanner,
Listen, I pray,
Why, in such manner,
Drive me away?
Ah! well I know why you close your abode,
Powhatan's advancing, the Yankee's abroad.
But, gentle Japanner,
Listen, I pray,
Nor in such manner
Drive me away.

Gentle Japanner,
If you'll act fair,
Under my banner
I'll take you, I swear.
Each soldier shall serve as well as each ship,
If to those Yankees you will give the slip.
So gentle Japanner
Listen I pray,
Nor in such manner
Chase me away.

Notes, per Camden and Amboy.

Philadelphia has always been an immense city—in the opinion of Philadelphians. But now, they begin to think it too extensive. At least we judge so, from hearing that a majority of them believe Chestnut-street wants a-bridg(e)ing at the Schuylkill.

They've long been begging a *site* for their Post Office in Philadelphia. U. S. has at length 'fixed a site' for them. We can only wish they may see the Post Office through it. But we cannot help fearing that this is a *sight in perspective.*

Credit.

'Tis said that e'er this banner to the breeze was flung
Out of poor Bell a Davy Toll was wrung.
And now as the Bell wether of the lot,
They'll fleece him well e'er sending him to pot!

An Ill-an'-noisy Affair.

The Chicago Convention.

1*st Professional.*—Which wos yer a goin to, Joe?

2*nd Ditto.*—Up to the Metropolitan.

1*st*—Bah! I'm down on that house. Their table ain't wot it wos, no how, I ain't seen a bit o' poultry about that ere place for a week.

2*nd*—Yes, I know it ain't much to speak of now, but that's cos they're layin' back for them Japanese fellers.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF BUTTONS.

'Eye' the Third.

"The world (of buttons) is all before me, where to choose!" Perhaps, madam, I had better have written that quotation at the head of my first article, because—madam?—You are not a French lady and may not be married? It is true! But I prefer to address you as madam, for, at least, two reasons: (And let me tell you, in parenthesis, he is a fortunate man who can adduce even one passable reason for his conduct.) First, because my natural(ized) diffidence forbids my writing thus unsolicited to any young maiden-reader of Vanity Fair; and secondly, because there is no English title that synonomizes with madam. I compromise too, you see, by clipping the final *e*. And so, let us return to our buttons. And let us begin with the button of the waist-band. This is simply—the Button of Digestive Psychology. An attentive study of this button will enable you to analyse individual character more accurately than all the theories of Lavater. Man is moulded æsthetically by his digestive apparatus. He has not a passion independent of the state of his stomach. I could write a volume on this great physiological truth madam, as bulky, and almost as abstruse as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. In which, by the way, pages 247-8-9 (in my edition) you will find a confirmation of my statement as to this condign influence of the *epigastrium* upon the sentiments. Study the waist-button madam! I pass to the coat-buttons. Observe, I say buttons—plurally! Each button of the coat is an æsthetic-type. The top button, that at the shoulders, is the Button of Precipitancy. When a man makes a sudden impulsive resolution, whether from anger, from grief, from disappointment, etc., his first action is generally—mind! I do not say always!—to button his coat. And, *if* he *does* button it, he invariably, under this impulse, begins at the top button! Nay, very frequently he buttons no further, You may rely on this æsthetic fact, madam.

The second button, (going waist-ward) is the First Reflection Button. This buttoned or left free, marks the progress of the precipitate determination, from or toward fixity. The third button is the Second Reflection Button, making another stage. The third, fourth, and so on, to the waist-button of the coat, are each progressively reflective. The waist-button is the Rubicon Button! That once fairly strangled in the button-hole—and the die is cast!

You see, madam, there is considerable philosophy—speaking æsthetically—in buttons!

One more button, and we come to the door-button, madam.

The penultimate button is the Strap-Button. The strap-button, except æsthetically, is, in a measure, obsolete. In or about the time of the Presidency of Martin Van buren (with a capital B. if you choose, madam) the strap-button was a mark of understanding. A man buttoned his gentility to his boot. It was useless for one without straps to attempt to attach himself to the buttons of polite society. There was a good deal of leather about the worth of the man in those days, in spite of Mr. Pope. Now, it is chiefly measured by Troy-weights, in gold—and brass. There is still an attachment manifested for the strap (and therefore for its button) in some parts of this country. Chiefly by the people usually known as "Yankees." The 'Yankee' once frequented the 'common walks' of life, but of late he is only met on its 'stage.' There, you will often find him, madam, excessively 'strapped.' For any further information I refer you with pride, to Mr. A. Trenchard Clarke; Dan Marble, Jr.; and other distinguished 'Yankees.' I omitted Mr. Thomas Taylor, of London. I beg his pardon. From his birth and long residence in England, this talented Dramatist has been enabled to study and depict the Yankee eccentricities of speech, dress, and character, with unprecedented success. Inquire of Mr. Thomas Taylor, madam, concerning the strap-button.

When I next have the honor of addressing you, it will be solely upon the æsthetics of the door-button. I trust I shall be able to open the subject agreeably, and close it to your satisfaction.

Your very humble servant,

The Author.

COUNTER-JUMPER.

A Melody.

This truly remarkable poem, of which Tennyson's "Claribel" is evidently a parody, was found among the papers of a Reformed Counter-jumper. Taken in connection with the extraordinary notes it will be found to contain a highly instructive moral lesson.

Where the Counter-jumper lieth*
The ladies pause and buy,
Letting the gold-piece fall:
But the solemn outcast sigheth,†
Sad-browed, funereal,
With the outward sob and sigh
Of an inward agony,
While the Counter-jumper lieth.

At eve the fellow boometh‡
About the city lone,
At noon his boss he hummeth§
In his store of marble stone;
At midnight home he cometh
And getteth drunk alone.
His form to fatness swelleth,
So lazily he dwelleth,
His frizzled hair he crispeth;
But sharp V. F. replieth,‖
When the Counter-jumper lieth!

Conventional Joke.

The Southern Democrats are evidently determined to keep the door well closed against Republicanism. Their dead Locks in Congress having failed last winter, they have fixed the matter at Charleston by a tremendous Bolt.

Boiled but not Basted.

A sporting paper described the Benicia Boy's head after the great fight as looking like a pudding. It must have been a Batter pudding, then.

*This plainly refers to the telling of falsehoods, and not to the assumption of a recumbent posture, as Tennyson has made it in his parody. The Counter-jumper, it is supposed, habitually misrepresents the quality of his wares.

†This reference can be understood in but one way. Poor women, whose rightful place is behind dry-goods counters, are compelled to become outcasts and vagrants by the male Counter-jumper's usurpation of their natural calling.

‡"The Best" dictionaries define the word "boom" as a portion of a vessel's rigging, and as a sound. There is an understanding, however, that the verb "to boom around," "to go on a boom," signifies to go on a spree of intensity. The dissolute habits of the Counter-jumper are probably alluded to.

§"Hummeth," must be a contraction of 'humbuggeth,' to deceive, to mislead. The Counter-jumper wishes his boss, or employer, to consider him a virtuous and respectable person.

‖The course of Vanity Fair, with regard to the Counter-jumper, was plainly familiar to the writer of this poem, probably by means of some prophetic gifts.

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

Crop Prospects for 1860.

E have just returned from a pedestrian tour through the rural districts of the United States, and lay the results of our observations before the public. Country newspapers making extracts are requested to give our own special credit.

Tobacco.

The prospect of this staple product is very gloomy. We saw a few cigars in a tolerably forward state growing just outside the residence of Governor Wise, in Richmond, but they were of the inferior brand known as Cent-a-grab, and suitable only for home consumption. Stumps that were planted early in the season have begun to sprout in a few meadows; but they do not wave, nor invite the sickle of the husbandman. Millions of cigar-boxes, bearing the genuine Habana stamp, lie idle. But few plugs of pig-tail have appeared above the ground, and these few droop. Fine Cut has done better. One crop has already been gleaned and is in ricks, awaiting Mrs. Miller's orders. In Virginia the Turkish tobacco is miserably backward, and it is feared that the supply will not be sufficient to meet the demand of the Sultan. The failure of the crop in this state is attributed to John Brown.

Peanuts.

There is every indication that the country will be favored with an abundant harvest of this truly democratic fruit. The orchards are laden. An agricultural wag informed us that they would Shell Out largely. He said, likewise, that that would be All Nuts to him. These remarks will serve to show the cheerful and confident spirit of the landed proprietors. The establishment of the Pony Express is considered a great thing for Real California. At Benicia, the home of the Boy, we found bushels of nuts literally rotting, the producers having no place left for their storage. It is impossible to describe the beauty of a rolling peanut orchard. It causes the heart involuntarily to acknowledge the bounty of Heaven, and to expand with gratitude for its manifold goodly gifts. The thought will intrude, how sad it is that in a world so glorious and fruitful, man alone should be ungrateful and rebellious! New Jersey is celebrated for its growth of Fresh Roasted. The traveller on Camden and Amboy cannot have failed to observe the brilliant buds waving on the hillsides and in the valleys of this teeming region. The sturdy yeomen have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which has crowned their labors. The approach of the Presidential Election, and the speedy production of several attractive dramas at the Bowery theatres, render the prospect of a bountiful supply of Fresh Roasted very agreeable. We may confidently anticipate a decrease in the current prices.

Old Rye.

Farmer Oldbuck's extensive barns, near Lancaster, Pa., are overflowing with this esteemed tod. We were pleased to learn from his overseer that a finer crop, both as to quantity and quality had never before been taken. Specimens had been sent to the seat of government—and some went to the head. A large invoice was shipped to Charleston, which had the admirable effect of harmonizing the Convention there in session. Recommendations have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability. A member of the Cabinet writes "I drink nothing else." Says General Bowman, "Your Old Rye sets up my Constitution daily." We believe the cultivation of it may become general. It is destined in a few years to supplant all other articles in the market. Every farmer who expects some day to be President should raise it. Directions for Planting, etc., can be procured on application at the White House, Washington.

Japanese Polish.

This choice domestic fruit is in a brilliantly forward state of development. Perhaps before this meets the reader's eye it will be in the market. We everywhere observed indications of a yield equal to the necessities of the whole country, while the agriculturists anticipate no difficulty in supplying the wants of the Japanese Embassy. It may not be generally known that the cultivation of the Polish is not carried on in the rural districts, but chiefly in the cities. There are farms of many acres in our midst, the soil of which is devoted to it. The tillers may even be met in the streets, bearing their sheaves with them.

Champagne.

The vineyards of New Jersey would gladden the heart of Bacchus himself. Rich juices are blushing through the skin of myriad excellent apples, and it will require but a few more days of genial sunshine such as is peculiar to Italy and Jersey, to begin the gladsome work of distillation. Thousands of generous and portly bottles, with new corks and labels, are awaiting the effervescing fluid. The voyage over Camden and Amboy and the Jersey City ferry will consummate their value. Champagne is one of the most profitable of our staple products. We were informed by one of the heaviest vintners in the apple-growing region, that two hundred per cent. is the average profit on each bottle exported.

The culture of the apple in this warm and juicy State is a great success, and the annual yield of the Jersey Lightning alone is a source of almost unlimited revenue.

Calamus.

There will be a heavy crop of this healthful growing root. We observed its graceful blossoms in many a meadow. Some of the farmers complain of the effects of the heavy rains, and others anticipate a falling-off on account of the severe drought; but the general feeling is one of pride and hope. In consequence of the failure of the tobacco crop an unusually active market for Calamus is expected this season. The rates will rule higher. We believe roots will be held at more than one cent each. But we shall be well prepared to bear this slight advance, the effects of the Crisis of '57 having entirely passed away.

Pork.

We have reason to be unfeignedly thankful to the Giver of all Good Gifts for allowing us the whole hog this year. At Cincinnati we found the storehouses entirely filled with the first crop of bacon, which surpasses in fatness and juiciness any previous yield within our recollection. The Prime Mess beats all. Rumps are glowing with health. In all the Western pig-pastures nature smiled. Beans can always be relied upon.

Bowie Knives.

Throughout the West and the South the indications are most favorable for an abundant harvest. We saw the blades peeping above the ground in the least sheltered places, while in the warm atmosphere below Mason and Dixon's line, they are flashing out all the while. At Washington they are said to grow spontaneously. Mr. Pryor grows them in his pockets. The impending Dissolution of the Union will create an unparalleled demand for this staple product of our blood-bought soil.

Did not space and patience forbid, we should like to add some observations upon the prospects of the Moustache, Native Drama, Comic Paper, Original Drama, Bonnet, Opera, and other crops. We can only give it as our belief that the season of 1860 will be one long to be remembered, for the abundance and richness of its harvest. Truly, westward the star of Empire takes its way!

See here.

Alluding to a late Prize Fight at the foot of Roosevelt-street, the *Courier and Enquirer* naïvely remarks:—

"It is rather singular that so large a crowd should have assembled without attracting the notice of the 4th Ward Police."

This compels us to own that the amazing ignorance and absurdity of "The Twins" deserve being called classical. Singular that the police should not know of it! Pshaw! What startles us more than this comment, though, is that the affair ever reached their ears at all.

Capping the Climax.

First Urchin, *(irate)*.—"You're a coward, and a liar, and a thief, and a—a—"

Second Urchin, *(calmly)*.—"Pooh! I don't care for all them names—not a bit!"

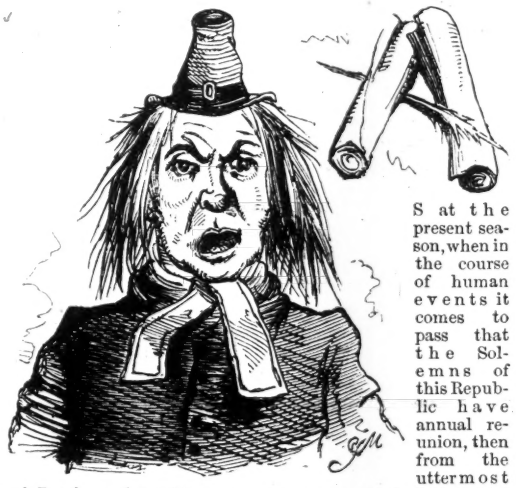
No. 1. *(with fiendish malice)*.—"Don't you? Well, then! I'll tell you what you are! you're—you're a Member of Congress!!"

No. 2. *(furious)*.—"I'll lick you for *that*, by thunder!!!"

The Heenan Quadrille.

Last Figure: all hands a Round.

YE CLERICAL DELEGATE.



AS at the present season, when in the course of human events it comes to pass that the Solemns of this Republic have annual reunion, then from the uttermost parts of Peoria and Herkimer cometh up ye Clerical Delegate. He cometh from the flowery dales of Orange, from the wilds of Berkshire, from the slumberous valley of the Kennebec. From the sun-parched South he cometh, from the breezy West, and from the inclement shores of the Northern Sea. The primitive simplicity of pastoral life is abandoned to a remote and beautiful repose. Agricultural delights woo him in vain to linger in Acadian bliss. Vainly 'the tapering spire of the village church' beckons, or seems to beckon him back. Vain is the eloquence of his little cottage, white amid embowering vines, with the emerald window shades indigenous to American dwellings! Vain are the wailings of childhood and even the young child howleth in vain. The flinty-hearted father is steadfast and migratory. Even the wife of his bosom sobbeth in vain on that paternal and gushing refuge. (He will take her along with him—even into the dangerous haunts of metropolitan iniquity!) So are obstacles conquered, and meadows left behind. He girdeth up his loins. He shaketh off the dust from boots of the period. And he advanceth upon the city 'like an army with banners.'' Selah!

Ye Clerical Delegate is a marvellous person. When he walketh amid the ungodly, it is a grand and solemn spectacle. Behold him, launched into the unaccustomed splendors of the capital! Consider him as he paces in solemn state the much trodden and tumultuous thoroughfare of the metropolis! Always by his garb shall ye know him;—by the sable raiment that shines with the lustre of virtuous age; by the neckcloth of tawny white, decorous if not altogether snowy; by the hat of antique design and remote manufacture that seemeth to need the recuperation of a nap; by the studious shoulders, reverently inclined; by the studious chest, insecure and palpitating abode of a single lung; by the haggard and hungry countenance of dyspepsia and moral speculation; by the lean and hairy hands, the straggling and struggling whisker, the longitudinal and yellow teeth; by the gray shawl of protection wherein Ye Clerical Delegate seeketh ye affinity and ye festive bowl. Verily is it 'a big thing' to have Ye Clerical Delegate in our midst. He bringeth rhetoric with him, the fearless rhetoric of a mental wilderness. He bringeth precept, and tracts, and filthy lucre. He hath the innocence of the wolf, without his self-denial, and the sweetness of the lamb, without his timidity. Like the former cheerful beast, he is much given to praying; and, like the latter mild and meek animal, he runneth very much and maketh haste to fleece. For him the mock-auction hath no terror, and the Israelites of Chatham Street lay wait in vain. He saith among the Hebrews, 'Ha, Ha;' And he hurleth defiance at ye valiant auctioneer. He is welcome among the citizens, therefore, and it is good for him to be here. It is nice for the New Jerusalem and the daily papers; for the comfort of men—and women—and reporters—and for the Smithsonian Hotel; for W. Phillips and for the much-suffering and short-haired Sables of the South; for the rescue of the American Tract Society from a nightmare of negroes, and for the 'airy heloquence of Mrs. Elizabeth Jones; for the good of souls and the coffers of tradesmen; for the Cooper Institute, for the virtuous Bennett, and for all misbelieving pagans—in remote and ludicrous localities. It is nice, in fact, for all the best interests of the Sovereign people of America, and accordingly it is very nice for V. F., for O'Titian, and for us.

Welcome and wassail for Ye Clerical Delegate!

CURIOSITIES OF ANALOGY IN "ANIMATED NATURE."

According to Goldsmith of England, about 1770.	and Do.	Do.	According to Tinsmith of America, about 1860.
No. 1.—THE BAT. [*Goldsmith.*] "This class of animal serves to fill the chasm between quadrupeds and birds."			No. 1—THE BAT, [*Tinsmith.*] "This class of article has, thus far, chiefly served to fill the chasm in the pockets of the English cricketers.
"The Bat brings forth its young alive."			The 'Bat' brings forth its young (America) alive, and moreover, returns them alive—but much fatigued—to the domestic hearth.
"It sustains itself in the air by means of wings."			It sustains itself in the air, by means of hands.
"It makes its appearance early in the summer, and is generally about two and a half inches long."			It makes its appearance *very* early in the summer, and is often two and a half feet in length.
"Its flight is a laborious irregular movement and if it happens to meet with an obstacle in its course, it cannot very readily prepare for a second elevation."			Its ditto is similar and likewise, and if it happens to meet with an idem (ball—*ex: grat:*) in its course, it cannot always readily prepare for a second *mème-chose.*
"If it strikes an object, and falls to the ground, therefore, it is usually taken."			If it strikes an object (ball, or cr'cketer's 'conk') and falls to the ground, it is usually taken—up again immediately.
"At the approach of the cold season it prepares for a state of listless inactivity."	do. do. do.	do. do. do.	do. do. do.
"The bat in our own country, is a harmless, inoffensive creature. It is true, it now and then steals into a larder, &c., &c., but its unsteady flight and wabbling motion amuse the imagination, and add one figure more to the pleasing group of animated nature."			The bat in our own country is a (h)armful offensive creature. It now and then steals into the parental poeket-book, &c., &c., while its unsteady flight and wabbling motion abuse the imagination (of the too proximate bystander) and add more than one figure (in the form of a bump) to the pleasing (otherwise) group of animated (cricket) nature.

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE" CONTINUED.

Some Men are born to Honors.

We have notable example before us, in high European quarters, to show that one man is capable of holding many offices. Prince Albert pockets the salary and fees of a dozen or more, and many members of "the privileged classes," revel in the like governmental pap. In view of this fact we cannot see why there should be any fault found with Mr. Bowen, who was unanimously elected by Bergen to fill the post of President of the Police Comission, when he already held the office of General Superintendent. We approve of the idea; what can be the use in having half a dozen to fill offices that can be filled by one. We therefore recommend that Mr. Bowen also accept the Captaincies of the Districts, the offices of the Police Surgeons, and as many of the minor positions, in his natural modesty, he thinks he could get along with. Perhaps, on mature consideration, he will find that he could administer the entire department alone.

Mother Goose's Sauce for the British Gander.

Jack Heenan the scorner,
Came from his corner,
To knock Sayers all into pie,
He thrust out his thumb,
And knocked Sayers plumb,
And said what a good Boy am I!

Scriptural Advice.

See then that ye talk circumspectly, not as fools, nor as Wise.

CARRYING CONVICTION WITH HIM.

"WE AIN'T LIKELY TO BE INTERRUPTED HERE, AND I THINK I CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT JACK HEENAN WON THAT ERE FIGHT WE WOS A TALKIN' ABOUT."

A CRY FOR CUBA.

DEAR V. F. :—I am a man of limited means and am inordinately Fumiferous. My name being John my friends call me smoke-jack. In fact I am always enveloped in such a cloud of smoke that I somewhat resemble that geni in the fairy tale that the foolish fisherman let out of the pot. It is in consequence of my devotion to the Nicotian weed that I make so bold as to address you, and I call on all lovers of tobacco in the name of the great Sir Walter to Raleigh round me.

I cannot smoke a pipe. In fact I look on the pipe as a primitive and crude method of consuming the delicious narcotic. Besides it is annoying to be continually asked how your meerschaum is coloring. I devote myself to the elegant, aromatic, symmetrical cigar. Now I come to my grievance, which is no less than the enormous expense one has to go to, to gratify this taste. I cannot get good cigars under from $45 to $50 a thousand, and even these are not first class. Any superior article ranges from $60 to $100. I cannot afford these prices and therefore consider it an outrage on an American citizen that a necessity of life should be debarred him, simply on account of a few beggarly Spaniards who tax the commodity for their own benefit. In the name of the smoking community, I demand Cuba! Ten million of assentient puffs will respond to my demand. Look at the map! The island seems dropping into the Gulf of Mexico as naturally as a cigar into the American mouth. It belongs to us. Let us take it and restore the golden days of tobacco, when the best cigars were three cents, and every poor clerk could have his Havana. It is no use asking how we are to get it. Look at the immense surplus and useless population we maintain in the class known as the Counter-jumpers; here we have raw material for the construction of a Filibustering army that would be equal at least to the effeminate Cubans. It would be conferring a positive favor on the poor creatures to emancipate them even against their will, from the bonds of tape and bobbin in which they are entangled Tennyson, in his Maud, predicts that in the event of Great Britain being invaded, every smug-faced clerk would jump from his counter and till and strike with the yard-wand home. I don't think that the yardwand would be a very effective weapon, although the English cloth yard shaft was once a terror to the French at Crecy and Poitiers. I would therefore suggest to our smug-faced filibusters that they depend on the regulation musket and Colt's revolver. The kind of drilling which they would receive in such a service, would be far manlier than the "drilling" they occupy themselves with at Stewart's. Let Singers' "young men" drop the needle for the bayonet, and Genin's "polite creatures" exchange the Godenski for the shako. I commend this proposal to the attention of the government. It is not often that national commerce and national hygiene are so admirably combined. Let us have Cuba!

JOHANN NICOT.

JOHN BULL AND THE JAPANESE.

The American Eagle screams. If an eagle could "holler" we would say that the noble bird "hollered." But the scream is enough. It vibrates across the Atlantic, and shakes Windsor Castle to its foundation, making the Queen, who is at breakfast, spill her chocolate with terror. If the scream doesn't do all this, we think it does it, which amounts to the same thing. The cause of this aquiline excitement is nothing more or less than a fresh triumph of our pet bird over the British lion. We have succeeded in opening relations with Japan, while by that nation England has been put out into the cold. Britannia feels badly about this. If she was not ashamed she would go down on her Japan knees to our illustrious allies, and beg a little of their patronage. Being a little above that, she consoles herself by proclaiming in the *London Times* that the Japanese Embassy is in reality bound for England, and that it only drops in on America as a sort of half way house. A refreshment station as it were on the road to the Albion terminus. But it's no use. Britain can't come in for any of our Japan ware. When she cries aloud for it, echo will answer, "ware!"

Birds of a Feather.

It is rumored that, in the event of Mr. Everett, Author of the "Mount Vernon Papers," being elected to the Vice Presidency, Mr. Cobb, Author of "The Gunmaker of Moscow," will receive a Cabinet appointment.

WHAT A PITY!

BRITANNIA.—Johnny, what's the matter?

JOHNNY BULL.—Boo-hoo! Jonathan has gone and taken my Japán man, and now he wants to take my belt, too—oohoo!

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION!

Opinions of "The Undersigned."

The Anniversaries are a great institution. I like the Anniversaries, though it always rains, and there are a good many people on Broadway, about that time of year, who are aren't very nice. I am fond of Reforms. I don't know that I ever indulged in a personal reformation, myself, but I like to see other people reformed. Perhaps that was the reason why I went to the Woman's Rights Convention, last Friday morning. Perhaps it wasn't. Perhaps the Woman's Rights Convention doesn't reform anybody. Anyhow, I went, and I'm going to tell you about it.

At the witching hour of five minutes past ten, I sought a rear door of the Cooper Institute, the front doors not being open. There was no door-keeper there, though the notices said that ten cents would be charged for admission, to defray expenses. I went in free, therefore, but if the Woman's Rights Convention will call at this office, I shall be happy to fork over my dime.

Well, I entered the solemn and sarcophagal hall that occupies the lower part of the Institute. I found there a few women, mostly advanced in years, wearing the expression of an incipient sneeze upon their faces. Not a cheerful expression; whence I judged they had not yet got their Rights. There were also several old gentlemen with fuzzy-buzzy gray hair and blue umbrellas. I got well out of sight, behind a pillar, to make a few notes—being naturally timid—and waited, patiently, for the Convention to begin. The audience came in slowly. Many more women with frozen sneezes upon their visages. Many severe-faced men, with instructive and utilitarian coughs, Many young women—under thirty, at least—with shoe-string curls and gray complexions. Many very, very *good* boys with turn-over collars and hair evidently brushed by strong minded mammas. The style of the audience was, in short, provincial and reformatory. Last year's bonnets were largely in the ascendant. Some quaker costumes loomed up here and there. Finally, a gentle but unwholesome-looking person, whom I took to be a male, seated himself in front of me, and read little tracts, entitled "Civil and Religious Equality;" "It Is So Unladylike," etc. I began to feel lonesome, like Belzoni in a cave full of mummies. I was the only respectable and Christianly-looking person in the hall, and everybody seemed to look at me, knowing that I was an outsider, who didn't belong to the boat.

About the time when I was really uncomfortable, two pretty girls came in, who were also outsiders, apparently, and I breathed freer. The exercises then commenced by the folks on the platform gathering in a small group, for a confidential conversation—apparently a sort of private tea-party, without any tea. I should have liked very much to have gone down in front, to make up a private tea-party with the two pretty girls; but, as I said before, I am timid, so I didn't do it.

After a great deal of confidential conversation had been disposed of, the folks on the stage arranged themselves. A mild, faded maiden, in spectacles, sat in the middle. On each side of her sat two other mild, faded maidens, in spectacles. Beyond them, sat two rows of mild, faded maidens, in spectacles. It was a Dream of Plain Women. There were some men among them, to be sure, but they were all so much alike that a superficial spectator would not have observed more than one sex, or a sex and a half, at most.

The only person whom I knew, in the whole company, was Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer (no relation to the celebrated Poughkeepsie Beer), a tall man with black eyes, hair, beard, and finger-nails, who looks like a reformed Mephistopheles on half-pay.

The meeting was opened by Miss Anthony, a mild, faded maiden, in spectacles, who read, rather badly, some resolutions for the abolition of the masculine gender. These were received with great equanimity on the part of the audience. A female person named Jones, of Ohio, was then introduced. I think I've heard the name before, but I could not recall her countenance. She was welcomed with applause, by three people, and began a speech which she did not finish under about three hours and a half. I observed that while Jones spoke, Anthony read the *Tribune* assiduously, and conversed with a friend on the platform—a mild, faded maiden, with spectacles.

Jones aroused occasional faint bursts of applause, and sometimes a few hisses also, but the latter were somewhat inappropriate, generally following some lofty moral sentiment, dramatically severe and commonplace. They applaud those things in the theatres. Jones spoke a good deal too much, and said altogether too little. She was very heavy on the property question, and larded her discourse with ancient and fish-like anecdotes, culled from the classic pages of the late Joseph Miller. She made people laugh, however, and success is something, even in a Woman's Rights Convention. At length Jones simmered down, as the boys say, and retired to a chair, wiping her rather bulgy forehead, and receiving the felicitations of her friends—three mild, faded maidens, with spectacles.

A Brooklyn sensation preacher followed. He said he spoke to please the women, but I didn't hear him say anything that seemed to please anybody more than himself. Spying a friend on the platform, at this juncture, I joined him, and we went out to relieve the dryness of the occasion by judicious imbibition. When we returned, Mrs. Stanton, of Ohio (they make Woman's Rights folks out there), was on the floor, saying things of a tragic character, in a solemn and ponderous voice. A regular tomb-stone speech, as lively as a funeral on a rainy day. She talked about the "threshold of life," the "inner sanctuary," etc.; likewise the "bloated drunkard," the "interests of the nation," and other delicacies of the season.

Meanwhile, Jones, of Ohio, having made a *lionne* of herself by her intimate knowledge of Joseph Miller's writings, took to perambulation, and enjoyed a very large circulation on and about the stage for some time.

A person (female,) then arose, and pitched into the Stanton, on behalf of what she called "the fundamential principles" of marriage. I lost the most of this speech, however, because the two pretty girls began to attract my attention much more strongly. On returning from our bibulous effort, my friend and I took seats on the platform, whence I could see the fair maidens. They were pupils of the School of Design, up stairs, I fancy, for they were armed with sketch-books, and speedily commenced limning the manly and noble features of your humble servant. Here was a pleasant situation for a timorous man! However, I steadied my nerves, braced my feet against a chair, assumed a choice quality of expression, and let them go it. When they had done, I turned the tables on them by sketching them in turn. I began with the youngest. She blushed. I didn't. That was the difference between us. Then I attacked the other—a nice blonde, with ringlets. She hid her face in her hands, at first, but concluded to look severely unconscious, and submit. I took notice, however, that she furtively arranged her ringlets and ribbons, when she thought I wasn't looking. The unknown person who was troubled with "fundamential principles" now finished, and Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose took it up. She spoke of Marriage and Divorce, in a very pugilistic voice, mouthing her words as if they tasted good. She said she thought "Women ought to be allowed to separate." I think so, too. Her style was copious and vehement, and she spoke with a foreign accent, like that of Madame Runk, who used to meet in Union Park in the winter of '57. Rose is pretty smart, though, and gave the *Tribune* some neat slaps. Her husband is Mr. Ernestine L. Rose. I met him once. He is a very ladylike person. A mild, faded man, with spectacles.

Wendell Phillips flashed upon our sight next. He gave the previous speakers especial fits, and said they hadn't any business to talk about Marriage and Divorce, or anything else, at a Woman's Rights meeting; moreover, they didn't know anything worth mentioning, and were rather stupid generally.

At this point I fell a victim to a headache, and a desire to get out of the atmosphere of strong-mindedness that reigned thereabout. I sallied forth accordingly, only pausing to let the two pretty girls pass out—bless their bright eyes!—and to hear William Lloyd Garrison introduced by a lady on the platform—a mild faded maiden, with spectacles. When I go to another Woman's Rights Convention, please let me know, will you, and oblige

The Undersigned.

Dowling.

Who talked fair play he never meant?
Who juggled with the Great Event?
Who swindled all this continent?
Why, Dowling!

Who prosed of honor in the ring,
And never dreamed of such a thing?
What scoundrel ought to highest swing?
Why, Dowling!

Who, when our Boy was sure to win,
Let hireling rowdies rush right in,
So that he might not lose his tin?
Why, Dowling!

Who basely left his sacred post
The moment he was wanted most?
Who stained old Britain's proudest boast?
Why, Dowling!

If England's what she used to be,
Oh! trust me we will never see
Another British Referee
Like Dowling!

CAUGHT IN THE SNARES OF THE FOWLER.—$155,000.

"LE BOXE."

To the reader unlearned in the Anglo-Gallic language now so generally cultivated in France among the patrons of what is there termed "le sport," we must premise that the words forming the caption of this article constitute the term applied in that country to what we, in our less comprehensive vernacular, call the "Sports of the P. R." Whether in complimentary acquiescence with John Bull and with the *entente cordiale* at present subsisting between that fair person and France, or as a preparation for "le row" that must follow the possible rupture of the arachnean thread in question, the Frenchman is throwing himself into the muscular movement of the day with what he would call a terrible *élan*, but which we must be content to characterise as a tremendous rush. To such an extent, indeed, is the mania for "le boxe" pervading even the upper classes of the community in Paris, that we have an anecdote of a distinguished advocate there—Dupin, if we remember rightly—who, on being asked by a stranger from Connecticut what his profession was, cheerfully replied "One pug!" Here, then, was a collateral national movement which, in our capacity of journalists, it would have been culpable in us to have ignored. Our duty is to instruct as well as to amuse—actuated by which principle, and not unmindful of the Horatian precept that "a bird in the eye is worth two in the ear," we lately dispatched to Paris two of the most distinguished artists of our time and country, the result of whose combined talents appears in the splendid illustration at the foot of this article. By this it will be seen that the French manner of practising "le sparre" differs from ours. The Frenchman fights with foot as well as fist. Indeed, so much more does he depend on "le kicke" than on "le shoulder-hitte," that he generally throws himself on his head when he wants to "countare," and always inverts himself into "le raleigh" with two somersets and a *holà-ho!* His politeness forbids him to fight unless gloved, hand and foot. His conflicts are fierce but innocuous, the battle being usually decided by first blood—*premier Lafitte*. It is interesting to mark the inversive genius of the French people—in contemplating which we cease to wonder that the man who calls a Herring safe a safe Herring should stand on his head and spar with his feet. With due regard to the character of the subject, and without any whatever to expense, our artists have drawn the subjoined illustration, also upon le Box.

FRENCH PUGILISTS ENGAGED IN "LE BOXE."

Piety in Posture.

When that mighty mill of Governmental corruption and humbug the Albany Legislature, was about to break up its nefarious sitting and cease grinding the faces of the New Yorkers, it endeavored to palliate a long term of rascality by making an Anti-enjoy-Yourself-on-Sunday Law, as a sort of antidote to former wickedness. The dreadful Sabbatarians are immensely pleased with it, but alas! the New Jerusalem does not seem any more imminent now than it was three weeks ago, the only practical difference observable being that he who wishes to drink in a bar-room on Sunday, must now do so sitting down. What especial piety there is in a sitting imbibition, we know not, but it is imperative. The ideas held by the legislators of the agricultural districts, concerning morality, are indeed singular. Would a murder be less heinous, if committed from an arm-chair?

To procure a glass of wine in a restaurant, the bibber must seek the shadows of an oyster-box, and have his beaker placed upon a table ere he quaffs. Why table? Why oyster-box? Is tension of the femoral and tibial muscles immoral? The question is obscure, but we advise all who oppose sumptuary legislation to learn, first, if Sunday drinking is right under any circumstances. If it is, let all Stand Up for it.

BRITISH JEALOUSY.

"When the Japanese Embassy was received on board the ROANOKE, at Aspinwall, all the shipping in the harbor displayed flags, fired salutes, and made other demonstrations of joy, save H. M. S., EMERALD, Rear-Admiral Sir ALEXANDER MILNE, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces of the North American station. The Admiral was invited to attend the reception of the Embassy on board the ROANOKE, but declined, saying that it was a nonsensical farce."

I.

The black-mouthed cannon boomed across the main,
Gay banners floated on the morning breeze;
Gun answered gun, and echo spoke again,
Welcoming to our shores the JAPANESE:
And every sight and sound of joy, that day,
Came from the fleet at ASPINWALL that lay.

II.

Great steamers, with their huge leviathan length
Decked with the flags of many a distant shore;
And ships the very type of slumbrous strength,
Their black sides serried with the dogs of war;
And yachts, and sloops, and boats whose motley crews
Swelled the glad welcome to the welcome news.

III.

But see, one stately frigate lies apart—
No flags, no rattling drums, no cannon's boom,
No signs of joy to stir the stranger's heart—
But sad and silent as a floating tomb:
O, BRITAIN! when shall thy escutcheon be
Cleansed from the stain of petty jealousy?

IV.

Upon JAPAN's far hills have we unfurled
Our starry banner, and her ports we see
Ope to the commerce of our Western world,
For where that flag floats, liberty must be:
Ah, British cheeks should blush as they confess
This shameful show of British sulkiness!

V.

Well, let them silent be! across the main
Our cannon roar, our flags wave on the breeze;
Though English cannon answer not again
We still can fitly greet the JAPANESE;
And when once more they seek their native ground,
Let them relate where most Fair Play they found!

THE BARBARIANS!

It seems that marriage is compulsory in Japan. The government, having a due regard for the happiness and increase of the population, insists on the marriage of every woman at a certain age. If she has been unable to choose a husband for herself, or to be chosen by one, the authorities take the matter in hand; select an eligible man, and marry them off, piff! paff! poof! on the spur of the moment.

Ethnologically considered, this is very curious, and philosophers might have a good deal of fun, in their own peculiar way, by puzzling their brains to discover the radical difference in the origin of the Japanese and the New Yorkers. Nothing less than a radical difference of origin could result in the production of such dissimilarities in the young females of the two places. As every marriageable man knows, the idea of needing to be coërced into double blessedness would be doubly and blessedly absurd to the New-York woman, who only requires the smallest possible chance at a man, and hardly that. The compulsion, here, would be most wanted on the other side, for no woman needs more than a willing suitor, to save the government all the trouble taken by the Japanese authorities. Of course, the ladies will deny this most strenuously, but we respectfully beg to refer them to the Breach of Promise business—the only case in which Courting is regulated by the Courts. Did anybody ever hear of a man recovering damages for his spoiled heart? And did anybody ever hear of a lady's heart being so much Damaged that she could not Recover?

The only belt the Benicia Boy can't take.

Orion's.

THE BRITISH LION.

FOR a very long time, the British Lion has steadily and constantly boasted of his supreme greatness and goodness. He has exclaimed, "O, "what a brave boy am "I!" before an admiring world, and repeated it until people began to think he was really omnipotent and immaculate.

It is time that this puff-ball was exploded.

On the score of humanitarian benevolence, the Lion has ever been lavish of self-gratulation. He was as merciful as brave. Like Gen. Jackson in the song, he was an "honor to his "country," as well as "a terror to his foe." He had a Howard. A Wilberforce. A Nightingale. He went in strong for Fair Play and No Favor; May the Best Man Win. All this, by his own showing.

But he endeavored to oppress his North American colonial subjects to the bitter end, and the end was bitter to him, for the Best Man won, and the hulking great Beast of Britain was driven back whineing to his den, to lick his wounds instead of his subjects. Then he swindled India out of all she possessed, even compelling her to pledge her jewels. He bullied China in the most cowardly and brutal manner. He maltreated his own flesh and blood in his mills and mines, where amid inconceivable want and wretchedness,

> "Grimy nakedness, dragging his trucks,
> And laying his trams in a poisoned gloom,'

sang "Britons never can be slaves!" In short, wherever the British Lion has dealt, in every contest, with every land, he has proven himself diametrically the opposite of fair and manly. Yet has he persistently hugged himself in the old delusion of Fair Play.

When diplomacy became the wedge for prying open that gigantic pearl-oyster, Japan, Yankee enterprise outstripped him, and he became wroth. He exhibited the sincerity of his brag about "bluff British cordiality and generosity," by back-biting our Minister, lying about the terms of our treaty, and making a whelp of himself generally. His war-vessels at Aspinwall refused to salute the Japanese Embassy when they arrived, and his officers sneered wilh a British sneer at the reception, as a "great farce."

But it is in his own pet and peculiar institution, the Prize Ring—fit expression of his bloody and brutal proclivities—that the Lion has best shown his rapacity and meanness. He boasts of his merciful and philanthropic qualities; of the untarnished honor of his fighters; of his hospitality to the stranger within his gates; of the dignity and refinement of his statesmen and magnates. Let us go a little behind the bald assertion. His mercy and philanthrophy consist in encouraging men to pound each other to a loathsome jelly, deliberately and purposely, for a paltry sum of money. Not occasionally and incidentally, but as a regularly organized and favored custom. The untarnished honor of his fighters and their friends is shown by open interference with an American pugilist, who was about conquering the English Champion, so styled, and thus winning the noble English gold. This was also his hospitality to the the stranger, further expounded by claiming that the Champion had gained the victory, and that the American had no claim upon money, belt, or honor. As for the dignity and refinement of his magnates, look at this list of those who avowedly aided and abetted the brutal fight and its swindling termination, by contributing to the most extraordinary subscription of modern times, for the benefit of the Champion :—

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort,	Viscount Andover.
The Earl of Stamford,	Viscount Clifden.
The Earl of Annesley,	Viscount Exmouth.
The Earl of Portsmouth,	Lord Palmerston.
The Earl of Lincoln,	Lord Courtenay.
The Earl of Glasgow,	Lord Paget.
The Earl of Chesterfield,	The Hon. Admiral Rous.
The Earl of Strathmore,	Sir W. Codrington.
The Earl of Winchelsea,	Hon. Col. Forrester.
The Earl of Coventry,	Hon.—Curzon.

And numberless Captains, Esquires, and Gentlemen, so-called. When the Premier, Lord Palmerton, was asked for his subscription of £1, he said, "Make it £5, for the brave lad?" Isn't this touching? So much for the great field of British honor and British Fair Play—the disgusting Prize Ring.

Now, in the very teeth of all these pregnant truths, Earl Grey has had the cheek to get up in Parliament, and call attention to the degenerate and demoralized condition of America and her government. He accuses us of dishonesty and of vulgarity. Verily! The English papers join in the hue-and-cry. A howl of execration sweeps across the Lion's den, over the broad ocean, to our own country. "Avaunt, thou Blackamoor!" shrieks the pot to the kettle!

To terminate this summing up of the British Lion's character, very appropriately comes this estimate of his commercial status by an Englishman :—

> An eminent Liverpool merchant came here to London to settle up a business matter of large magnitude, and "Really," said he to a friend, "I believe your bankers' clerks are all robbers and your merchants all scoundrels." Commercial morality and integrity really seem to be getting to a low ebb. I know not what to think. If the secrets of some joint stock companies here could be told, what tales would be uttered! Robbery, plunder, fraud, illegal commissions, and every species of job conceivable, are not the exception, but the general rule.

Now, let the Lion cease his boasting. He has shown himself in his real colors, and only the fiery handwriting on the wall illuminates, by its lurid light, the solemn darkness of his future.

"TAKE, O! TAKE THESE BABES!"

The *Tribune*, in reporting a recent sale of curiosities at Barnum's Museum, says :

> "A lot of Japanese figures went off at $12."

Now, the gentlemanly reporter who does the ubiquitous department for this journal, knows they did—while, travelling as he does on his ubiquity, he is also in a position to inform the public that the party to whom these "Japanese figures" were knocked down, is a special commissioner for the British Government, armed with plenipotentiary powers to get up a Japanese Embassy to the Court of St. James, without any reference whatever to expense. This accounts for the rash manner in which he invested the large amount of twelve dollars in the purchase of the second-hand set of wooden ambassadors referred to. We understand that these Japanese figures," immediately on their arrival in England, are to be newly wired in the office of the *Times*; and it is generally understood that the subsequent process of wire-pulling is to be under the charge of Earl Grey—a nobleman who has lately proved himself so thoroughly *au fait* with the working of foreign institutions.

A "Pointless Argument."

"Mr. Bell is a hard, dry man, of the old school of politicians. Without any remarkable genius or capacity, his long participation in public affairs has given him a practical experience, *which confers upon him an apparent statesmanship among the small politicians that have wriggled themselves into senatorial and representative seats. He is an estimable man, but he belongs to the fossil remains of the old whig strata in political geology.* His chances as a Presidential candidate are that he will receive about the same vote that Mr. Fillmore obtained."—*N. Y. Herald, May, 11th.*

"No reason exists why the Bell and Everett ticket should not be adopted by the same conservative section of the black republicans. All parties recognise their respectability, statesmanship and trustworthiness. *It may be said that they belong to the old fogy school of politicians, but this is a pointless argument, brought forward only when no direct charge can be sustained.*"—*N. Y. Herald, May 12th.*

THE SHOW'S THE THING.

HE Showman is an Americanism. He is an indigene of the western continent. In this land only does he efflouresce, bloom and bear fruit. In this city reigns the liege lord and rightful Prince of the Showmen. All know who first fully appreciated the refined taste of the American people; who first gave to his exhibitions a tone sufficiently high. Success was reserved for him who first understood the deep religious feeling of a nation which only cares for the wonderful works of Nature, and his prosperity was established when he procured the Ocean Reptile and the Marine Maiden. These examples have not been lost upon the profession; and not only are the *lusi Naturæ* most in demand, but like Panaceas, Pectorals, Purgatives, and Depuratives, they are now always introduced to the public under the auspices of the clergy. Thus in the small town at the other extremity of the C & A. R. R., there is now on exhibition an infant phenomenon styled "Dollie Dutton." The Rev. Phineas Stowe, of Boston signifies his ability to "cordially recommend her to the lovers of God's wonderful works;" and he adds, with a manly disregard of the antiquated rules of syntax, that "an immortal *spirit*, encased in such a finely wrought casket, cannot fail to interest and delight all who may be permitted to see *her*."* The Rev. S. A. Baker, "Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Brooklyn," testifies that "it is difficult to believe that any intelligent, pure-minded person can attend her levees, without perfect delight, and even love." The Rev. Richard W. Humphries, of Philadelphia, asseverates that it were difficult to pass an hour more pleasantly and profitably than in her presence," and that "to witness the beautiful mental development in her delicate frame (!) is but to behold another evidence of the wisdom of the Deity."

Mrs. Cobb, too, who from being the mother of the junior Sylvanus, may be said to have a connection with the Religious Press—certifies that she was once so surprised at some question propounded by D. D. that "she had to frame a reply to suit so interesting a case."

As we happened to be rusticating last week, we looked in at this exhibition, so conductive to piety, and were glad to learn from the introductory remarks of Dollie Dutton, by Dr. Lillie "that her parents were of the usual size; and that their youngest child was an extree-ordinary large boy for his age.'" "The little fairy" was very pale and wan, but that, the Dr. said, was owing to her want of exposure. She yawned frequently and wearily, but that was because she enjoyed being shown to the public, and was never fatigued by it. She kissed those who bought her photograph and wiped her mouth after each application to show how she liked it. We were rather shocked to see that she danced on the stage, as her dress was short, and there were some old ladies who might have been demoralized by her posturing, but in every other particular it was such an entertainment as the good people who do not go to the theatre might safely patronize. Have not many ministers approved of it? The wonderful works of Providence are all full of instruction. The fat woman, the chicken with four legs, the calf with two heads, and the "What is it?" are most elevating and refining in their character. The despots of Europe would prohibit the sale of Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, or Dr. Moffat's Life Pills, and think they had done enough for their down-trodden subjects when they had provided picture galleries and Horticultural and Zoological Gardens. Here such tyranny would not be endured, and when Providence sends a freak of Nature, our clergymen will speak kindly of the wisdom of the Deity, and recommend their flocks to examine the interesting deviation from His laws. If it be a precocious child, whose mind is morbidly stimulated, and whose nerves are prematurely shattered, their kindness only sends it to heaven in advance of its time, and, in the meanwhile, the public is taught reverence and refinement, and its healthy and natural curiosity is gratified. Should we not all, then, acknowledge our obligations to the Reverend gentlemen who so kindly give us their opinion in reference to every kind of medicine, and who do so much for elegant and ennobling entertainments?

*Admittance 15 cents, Children 10 cents.

THE TIME BALL.

Our serious contributor has been to see the dropping of the time ball at the Custom House, and to him we are entitled for a very lucid and terse description of that event.

At exactly half past ten, says he, I took my stand in a good locality opposite that noble pile dedicated to the wants of commerce and politicians, and gazed up to the slim and towering staff whereon I expected to see the ball, and did not. A conversable gentleman with a red neckcloth and a large seal ring, who stood very close to me, assured me that the ball did not come from the Dudley Observatory at Albany until half past eleven every day, information for which I thanked him kindly, but still concluded to hold my position. I purchased a slight refection shortly after eleven, consisting of one cream cake, and a stick of chocolate, and by its aid shortened the hours. As it grew near the expected time of noon, the eager crowd began to gather. The lower streets of the city poured out their thousands of sturdy merchants, the shipping at the wharves was deserted, and the mariners stood with their eyes raised heavenward. The stout mechanic came, bearing his household clock upon his breast, while the aged citizen fondled the time-piece that had served him through a long life. Every spot for miles within sight of the ball that was to fall, was occupied by expectant thousands. All stood with anxious faces, and time grasped nervously in their left hands, while a key was upraised in their right. A deathly stillness sat upon the multitude, only broken at intervals by some remark of levity about "Coming to time," "Taking your time," and like weak aberrations, all of which were undoubtedly thought funny by those who uttered them. At five minutes after twelve the ball arrived from Albany, and with becoming gravity, crawled slowly up the mast The hush at this moment was awful. So still was the immense crowd that the paying teller of a Brooklyn Bank was distinctly heard counting out the odd change on a check. At this moment the only fear was that the vast multitude would in a combined way give up the ghost, from holding their breath. No doubt such would have been the case in another instant, but for the punctual falling of the ball, accompanied by an immense sigh of relief from at least half a million of bosoms, and a universal winding of watches and clocks, producing a sound like thunder. The ball on its appearance left immediately for Albany, as I was informed by my conversational friend, and will return every day by telegraph. The crowd then dispersed.

I found, upon reaching Broadway, that by some unaccountable circumstance my watch, which I had just regulated, was gone. I cannot account for this strange circumstance by any other hypothesis, than that I slipped it by mistake into the pocket of the gentleman with the red neckcloth who stood so near me. If this is so, there can be no doubt he will return it, immediately upon seeing this notice.

A Nest Egg for the Abolitionists.

It would be a good idea for the Anti-Slavery Society to set about solving the mystery of the WHAT IS IT? Possibly it is a negro—if so, very likely a slave. In that case the money it makes by exhibiting itself should be used to purchase its freedom, instead of dripping into Mr. P. T. B's. pockets.

Then what a glorious name for cuteness the society would get! It would be a good thing for both parties. The Lightning Calculator himself could not estimate the benefit to be reaped from it. Let the matter be pushed at once. Beecher! Cheever! Phillips! Greeley! Helper! Walk up!

Model English.

In an account of a Hebrew Wedding, which took place recently in Philadelphia, the *Inquirer* of that city says:

"A glass of wine was drank, and the glass shattered, as well as other incidents."

Of course the shattered glass must have been carefully swept out of the Hall before the Banquet and the Ball began which, as we are further informed, finished off the evening, but we should like very much to know what became of the shattered incidents.

The Sour Grapes of Old England.

The British man-of-war that refused to salute, by flags or guns, the Japanese Embassy, on its arrival at Aspinwall, was rightly named the EMERALD, for green is the color of Jealousy.

Why they have burnt Coal in the Mayor's Office lately.

Because Wood was Scarce.

The World Women always live in.

A World of Trouble.

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"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

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"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.'" Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

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